



THE LEGEND OF THE EGGS

CATHEDRAL bells, with their hollow lungs,
Their vibrant lips and their brazen tongues,
Over the roofs of the city pour
Their joyous Easter music with joyous roar
Till the soaring notes to the sun are rolled
As he swings aloft in his path of gold.

"Dearest papa," says my boy to me
As he merrily climbs his father's knee,
"Why are those eggs that you see me hold
Colored so finely with blue and gold?
And what is the beautiful bird that lays
Such beautiful eggs on Easter days?"

Tenderly shine the April skies,
Like laughter and tears, in my child's blue eyes,
And every face in the street is gay,
Why cloud this youngster by saying nay?
So I cudge my brain for the story he begs
And tell him the tale of the Easter eggs:

"You have heard, my child, of One who died,
Crowned with keen thorns and crucified,
And how Joseph, the wealthy, whom God reward,
Cared for the corpse of his martyred Lord
And piously tumbled it within the rock
And closed the gates with a mighty block.

"Now, close by the gate a fair tree grew,
With pendulous leaves and blossoms of blue,
And deep in the green tree's shadowy breast
A beautiful singing bird sat on her nest,
Which was bordered with mosses like malachite
And held four eggs of ivory white.



"Now, when the bird from her dim recess
Beheld the Lord in his burial dress
And looked on the heavenly face so pale
And the dear feet pierced with the cruel nail
Her heart nigh broke with a sudden pang,
And out of the depth of her sorrow she sang.

"All night long till the morn was up
She sat and sang in her moss wreathed cup
A song of sorrow as wild and shrill
As the homeless wind when it roams the hill,
So full of tears, so loud and long
That the grief of the world was turned to song.

"But soon there came through the weeping night
A glimmering angel clothed in white,
And he rolled the stone from the tomb away
Where the Lord of the earth and heaven lay;
And Christ arose in the cavern's gloom
And in living luster came from the tomb.

"Now the bird that sat in the heart of the tree
Beheld the celestial mystery,
And its heart was filled with a sweet delight,
And it poured a song on the sobbing night;
Notes climbed notes till higher, higher,
They shot to heaven like sparks of fire.

"When the glittering white robed angel heard
The sorrowing song of the grieving bird
And heard the following chant of mirth
That hailed Christ risen from the earth
He said, 'Sweet bird, be forever blest,
Thyself, thy eggs and thy moss wreathed nest.'

"And ever, my child, since that blessed night,
When death bowed down to the Lord of light,
The eggs of that sweet bird changed their hue
And burn with red and gold and blue,
Reminding mankind in their simple way
Of the holy marvel of Easter day.



The Thorn Crown.
The thorns that had crowned the brow of the King fell in a crimson wreath at the foot of a cross upon a hill called Calvary, and they cried to the darkness to hide them from the sight of men—to shadow them forever beneath the night's black wings. And welcome was the dark to them and all the thunder of the skies. But when the night was done and light came with the morning white roses bloomed above them, so that the red upon their spears was hidden, and men, beholding, marveled at the flowers, nor saw the thorns that had wounded the brow of the beautiful King. And the name of the roses was Love—even that Love which shelters in its own bosom the shaft that wounds it and makes earth and heaven sweeter with forgiveness.

An Easter Transformation.
Lenten maiden, clad in gray,
What a saint you are today!
Prize, demure or sweetly shy,
How your eyes turn toward the sky!

Easter maiden, clad in white,
What an angel in my sight!
In your pews, sedate and meek,
How your eyes the hymnal seek!

Once again I welcome you,
What a joy once more to see
Rougher glances turned on me!
—New York Times.

THE EASTER LILY

THE Lily is regarded as a saint among flowers, and the reason lilies are so largely used in the decoration of churches is not only because they are the most perfect of floral types, but because of their symbolic meaning.

One beautiful old belief about the Lily relates that the candidates for the Virgin Mary's hand after having sought the Lord's blessing each left his own staff in the temple in the evening. The next morning the dry rod of Joseph was found green and blossomed with lily flowers.

Another pretty legend is that Mary on her way to the temple plucked a lily, and upon pressing it to her breast it became white. "Lily of the Virgin," "Madonna flower" and several other mystical names were given to the Lily and have reference to this legend.

A German belief points to the Harz mountains as the birthplace of the white lily. A beautiful girl named Alice was carried off by a wicked lord. Just as he reached his castle the guardian spirit of the place wrested the girl from his arms. On the place touched by the feet of this innocent maid sprang the white lily. This story is believed by the peasants of the Harz mountains, and every year hundreds of them make a pilgrimage to the castle to behold the dazzling beauty of the flower that donishes there.

Another German legend runs this way and relates to the "red" lily: Once the garden of Gethsemane was full of flowers of all kinds and among them none so lovely as the splendid lily, with her clustering bells proudly upright. It was evening, and the Lord came to walk in his garden. As he passed along each flower bowed before him, but when he came to the lily her haughty head remained erect, defiant in her conscious beauty. The Lord paused and looked at her for a second. She braved the mild eye of reproach, then slowly bent her head, while blushes swept over her. Still the Lord's gaze rested on her. Lower sank her head, deeper burned her crimson, then tear after tear welled up in her lily cups. At this the Lord passed on. When morning came all the flowers lifted their heads—all but the lily, that once was white queen among them. Her head remained bowed in shame. To this day she blushes over her sin of vanity, and the clear crystal tears of repentance still wave in the cups of the flower that refused to bend before the Lord.

An Easter Miracle.

It was in the year 1799, when the armies of Napoleon were passing over the continent of Europe and conquering all that came in their way.

It was Easter morning, and the sun shone brightly on Feldkirch, a little town situated on the Ill river, just within the borders of Austria. The Ill flows into the Rhine.

Quite early on this morning there suddenly appeared on the heights above the town to the west the glittering weapons of 18,000 French soldiers, the division under the command of General Massena.

There was a hasty assembling of the town council, and it was decided that a deputation be sent to Massena with the keys of the town and a petition for mercy.

In the midst of all the confusion of the hurrying to and fro and the anxious consultation the old dean of the church stood up serene as was the morning, with no thought of fear in his brave Christian heart.

"It is Easter day," he said. "We have been reckoning on our own strength, and it is but weakness. Let us ring the bells and have service as usual. We will leave our troubles in the hands of the Higher Power."

Soon from all the church spires of Feldkirch the bells rang out joyously. The streets became thronged with worshippers on their way to church. Loud and more triumphant pealed the bells as they rang out the glad message, and the bells, putting on their new green, echoed back: "Christ is risen. He is risen from the dead."

The French army heard the sounds of rejoicing, and Massena concluded there could be but one reason for it. He was sure that the Austrian army had arrived in the night.

He ordered his men to break up camp, and almost before the bells had ceased ringing—long before Easter services were over—the French army was in orderly retreat.

By noon not a tent, not a soldier, not a glittering bayonet, was to be seen on the heights above Feldkirch.—Boston Globe.

An Easter Sermon.

"I'm glad that Easter Sunday's here," said Mrs. Henry Gray.
"My bonnet new and other gear I'll wear to church today.
A vein of glory will pervade My hymn of praise and prayer,
For when my toilet is displayed How Mrs. Bliss will stare!"

"I hate that horrid Mrs. Brown. With all her quorks and smiles. Of all the women in the town She speaks the coarsest styles.
She bought her bonnet 'way last spring And wears it now for new.
And as for that old Thompson thing, I vow I hate her too!"

"I hear Miss Jones, the cross eyed cat. Has bought a new pecky And terra cotta Paris hat To wear to church today.
And Helen White has got a dress They say is just divine.
Come, Mr. Gray, and do you guess It's half as sweet as mine?"

"There go those awful Billings girls. They paint and powder too. They pad and wear cheap bangs and curls. They do—I know they do!
You needn't laugh, I boldly say And stake my honor on it— I'll paralyze them all today With my new dress and bonnet!"
—Eugene Field.

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Mastication and Nutrition

"Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceedingly small;

Though with patience He stands waiting with exactness grinds He all."

When Longfellow translated the above from the German, he probably never dreamed it would be used as a text for a sermon on digestion. But even wider liberties have been taken with quotations.

By digestion is meant the changes which our foods undergo during their passage through the alimentary canal. These changes are both physical and chemical, and by them the foods are so altered that they are capable of being "absorbed," or may pass through the walls of the digestive tract into the blood.

When one considers the heterogeneous mass of substances that pass through the portals of this canal, and which we call food, one marvels that there is within us a mechanism capable of taking care of it; that out of such a chaotic mixture good brain and brawn can come. Nor is there any wonder that this apparatus frequently becomes rebellious and refuses to handle the material that is furnished.

If a mass of ore that contained only rock, dirt and iron were fed into a smelter one would hardly expect it to turn out gold. Nor would one expect to obtain the full amount of pure gold from good gold-bearing rock unless the rock were first crushed and prepared for the smelter. Yet we persistently eat an overlarge amount of cooked-over meats, as hash, croquettes, stews and pies, with indigestible pastry, along with salads and irritating condiments, and top off with ices, nuts and cordials. Out of this mixture, often thrown into an already exhausted digestive tract, must be selected the material that is to furnish new protoplasm, to build up broken-down tissues, and in the child to induce growth, to supply heat to warm the body and to generate muscular and nervous energy. Furthermore, this food is often swallowed hastily and without properly preparing it by thorough mastication for the action of the digestive juices.

Process of Digestion.

A large part of the process of digestion consists of delicate chemical changes. Nature furnishes, with the digestive secretions, certain chemical agents (enzymes). These agents have a specific action on certain ingredients of our foods. The saliva that is secreted by the salivary glands, and is mixed with the food in the mouth contains a substance that acts chemically on starchy foods, such as bread, potatoes, cereals and most vegetables.

These foods, if kept in the mouth long enough, are partly changed to sugar; nor is the action of this agent (ptyalin) stopped as soon as the food leaves the mouth. If the food has been well mixed with saliva, salivary

digestion continues from one to two hours after it reaches the stomach. In the meanwhile, part of the food undergoes another change—the meats are digested or partly digested. This is accomplished by the action of an agent (pepsin), aided by an acid (hydro-chloric), both of which are secreted with the gastric juices.

The stomach is merely an extension or enlargement of the alimentary tract—a receptacle or reservoir, into which our food is received. While it is resting in this reservoir part of it is being changed to sugars by the saliva that has been swallowed with the food, another part, the proteins, are being acted on by the pepsin, and the entire mass is undergoing a change which is to fit it for complete digestion as it passes through the small intestines.

While perhaps the chief function of the stomach is mechanical in its capacity of reservoir, nevertheless the chemical changes that take place in the food while contained in it have a most important bearing on the intestinal digestion. The extent and the amount of these chemical changes (gastric digestion) depend almost wholly on the condition of the food when the stomach receives it. In fact, this is true of the entire digestive process.

Mastication and Nutrition.

Feed the smelter with uncrushed rock and a large per cent. of the gold will escape with the debris and slag. Feed the digestive apparatus with unground food and a comparatively small proportion of nutritious material will find its way into the blood. Not only will a large amount of useful food escape digestion, but the over-taxed organs will suffer. Those delicate chemical agents coming in contact with masses of unprepared food, are unable to perform their function, the secretions that furnish them become altered and the very lining membrane of the whole alimentary tract becomes changed and the resulting chain of events are, alas! only too familiar to many of us.

The aches and pains, the "heart burns" and vague indefinable feelings of "goneness" and discomfort are the pleadings of an abused organ—the "C. Q. D." of the digestive apparatus. The real cause of the trouble is so simple it is usually overlooked. The essential step—the first stage of the digestive process—the proper preparation of the food for the chemical digestion—has been neglected.

When a chemist wishes to dissolve a substance quickly and completely, he first pulverizes it, in a mortar. Likewise, in digestion, the thorough comminution or mastication of the food is a most important step, in fact, an absolutely necessary part of the digestive process.

The Gospel of Fletcherizing.
The gospel of "Thorough Mastication" has been so persistently and

ably preached to the public for the past decade by Mr. Horace Fletcher, that his very name has become synonymous with it and "Fletcherizing" is now a household word.

No less an authority than Dr. Osler says in his "Practice of Medicine," "practically a large majority of all cases of disturbed digestion come from hasty and imperfect mastication of the food."

If such is the case, if practically the entire digestive function depends on the first step, the preparation—the "mills that grind" the food should be well cared for. These sentinels that "guard the portals" should be kept in health, should stand shoulder to shoulder, that they may perform their function with "exactness" and with comfort.

The importance of thorough mastication is emphasized when one considers the long train of evils that follow chronic indigestion.

Malnutrition is responsible for more of the ills of body, mind and morals than any other pathological condition that flesh is heir to. A badly nourished body cannot house a healthy mind, and a weakened and distorted intellect lowers the moral tone.

With such possibilities before one, is it not well to study more closely the organs that are concerned in the mechanical preparations, the grinding and trituration of the food? Nor should one neglect to consider the character of food that is ingested.

Peanut hulls, thoroughly pulverized and delightfully browned, sweetened and flavored, served as "ginger snaps," are hardly a fit food to supply nourishment. Yet before the enforcement of the pure food laws (imperfect as they are) we are informed that tons of these hulls were shipped annually from peanut districts and sold to the public as food.

"It is not what we eat that is food, but what we digest," and even thorough mastication cannot convert every substance into a digestible food, although it does render these substances less harmful to the delicate lining membrane of the alimentary tract.

While the teeth are the "upper and the nether millstones," the mechanism that moves these grinders and the bones that support them, the walls of the oral cavity and the glands that supply the saliva are all associated in the important function of mastication.

Take Care of the Teeth.

A proper care of the teeth of a child, the temporary set, will not only enable the little one to acquire the habit of masticating the food thoroughly, but if the temporary teeth are retained in place it conduces largely to the normal development of the face and head.

Decayed teeth in a child's mouth prevent the thorough mastication of food and changes the very nature and amount of saliva secreted. The food is "bolled" in large pieces and not only fails to furnish nourishment for the mental and physical growth of the child, but lays the foundation of a chronic dyspepsia that renders

the after life wretched and his disposition irritable.

Premature loss of the temporary teeth may result in the arrested development of the jaw and other bones of the face, causing a distortion of the muscles and giving an entirely different expression to the features. Such a loss may also cause an irregularity of the permanent set, a malocclusion that will permanently interfere with the proper mastication of food. The evil effect of malocclusion is well illustrated in the report of a case published in "Dental Cosmos," December, 1909. "The patient was 12 years of age, suffering from 'Potts' disease, weighed 42 pounds, and wore a plaster jacket weighing 7 pounds. She took but little solid food, and would then have to lie down for 15 minutes to digest it. At the end of the time occupied in correction the malocclusion, she had gained 25 pounds and could dispense with the plaster jacket. She is now rosy-cheeked and is ready for all meals, having meat once in three days. She stands at the head of her class in school and is growing normally."

This change was brought about almost entirely by restoring the teeth to their normal places, enabling the patient to properly masticate her food. Premature loss or decay of the temporary teeth does not necessarily cause an irregularity in the permanent set—in fact, is not the usual cause—but such a condition does prevent thorough mastication and induces the habit of "bolting" food, which is swallowed without chewing or insalivation.

Importance of the Saliva.

The saliva is one of the important digestive secretions, and the amount and character depends largely upon the time taken to chew the food.

Nature has arranged a wonderful mechanism that regulates the character of this secretion. In the dog and cat and such animals that live largely on meat the secretion is scanty in amount and thick and viscid in character. In herbivorous animals, those subsisting on a vegetable diet, the saliva is abundant and watery, and contains a large amount of the agent (ptyalin) that digests starch.

In man, who lives on a mixed diet, there is a nerve mechanism that regulates the character of the saliva, adapting it to suit the kind of food that is eaten. If the food is dry or consists largely of the vegetable class, the saliva is abundant and softens and dissolves it; if the bolus of food is mostly meat the saliva is secreted more slowly, and is viscid and tenacious. In either case thorough mastication is necessary to bring out the character of secretion best suited for the digestion of that particular food.

Mastication is the first lesson a child should learn, is the hardest thing for a busy man to practice and its neglect brings painful regrets to old age.—Baltimore American.

Women Haters.

It is hard to say how far Roosevelt's African hunting trips and the notoriety that has surrounded them are

responsible, but big game hunting in Africa seems to be enjoying a boom, and women as well as men have fallen under the spell. Mrs. Malvina Drummond, formerly Mrs. Marshall Field, of Chicago, is one of the most recent recruits to the jungle. Her husband is rated one of the wealthiest of all the South African millionaires, and in former seasons Mrs. Drummond's beautiful residence in Carlton House Terrace has been a center of the season's gayeties. But now Mrs. Drummond has turned her back on the drawing-room and the ballroom and set her face toward the veldt, and already she is on her way to South Africa. She and her husband will start in from the south, trekking from Rhodesia up to the Victoria Falls, and thence, if all goes well, pushing forward through country almost unexplored until they reach British Central Africa and Uganda, the hunting grounds of Roosevelt.—New York Press.

Legislative Extravagance.

The constitution started with twenty-four circuits—three more than under the constitution of 1850-51, when the business of the courts was the heaviest in the history of the state, and eight more than North Carolina. No new districts could be created until 1906, and in the four years from 1902 to 1906 if there was any complaint on account of the overwork of judges except as a basis to make places for other judges, we never heard it. And yet, within the last four years, the legislature has created seven new circuit courts and one chancery court, and is likely to create one or more circuits before adjournment! Furthermore, if the present legislature does not increase the pay of each judge from \$500 to \$1,000 a year it will not be for lack of effort on the part of warm advocates in the General Assembly of such a raise. The officeholders of the state are active and alert to their selfish interests. This is not at all surprising; but that the taxpayers of Virginia should remain supinely quiet, and that the Democratic papers of the state should stand silently by and see the expenses of state government annually increase to foster an office-holding oligarchy, is only explainable on the ground that the people of Virginia are ultra conservative, and that nothing short of a political upheaval can rouse them to the point of lively interest in political matters.—Charlottesville Progress.

Educated Indian Back in Tribe.

The Kikikait Indian tribe, assisted by many guests from other tribes, recently began the biggest ghost dance held along the Columbia in half a century. The annual ghost dance is being made the occasion for celebrating the return to tribal life of Chief John Spedie, of the Kikikait tribe, an Indian highly educated by the United States government at Carlisle and other Eastern schools. After wearing neckties and vests and combing his hair for years in the approved white man fashion, Chief Spedie has heeded the call of his tribesmen to return to their ways. This is what most of the educated Indians from Yakima and other Eastern Washington tribes have done.